Love at First Fright

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Pennywise wakes up after 27 years to find a new creature terrorizing Derry.

Love at First Fright

Author's Note:

> Uh, welcome to this really ridiculous one shot I told my friends I'd write. Don't take it seriously?
>
> But also, how amazing is IT?
>
> Also, Pennywise is Agender... So I refer to Pennywise as "It" if you get confused. :)

"Fear-" The word echoed around the black, endless nothing. It trickled down through the cracks in the brick, the foundation rumbled and two shining blue eyes blinked open. The darkness was so thick, that the eyes should not have reflected anything, yet they could be seen, piercing the dark. They would have been seen had anything been down there to see them, but as fate would have it, no one was around to witness It's awakening.

The rotting, old sewers of the Derry township did not often heed visitors. The only regular pair of shoes to slosh through the grey water were that of the men hired to upkeep the city sewer system. They were not here today so see the old blinking eyes of Pennywise the Dancing Clown as It opened them for the first time in 27 years.

It laughed, just a dry cackle that wasn't much louder than a wheezing breath. The breath of someone like Eddie Kaspbrak before he took a puff of his inhaler.

The memory of this pipsqueak did little to assuage the anger Pennywise could already feel bubbling up from within It. Although many years had passed, It knew they would be back, *oh yes*, they would. And It would be ready.

It could already feel the fear in the town spiraling down into It's lair. Settling above It in a blanket of smoke, just waiting for It to stand and wade through. To pick out the perfect specimen. *The first victim.*

It took a deep breath as It rose to It's feet, a bit of spit dribbled down

It's chin as It began to salivate. It ran It's tongue over It's sharp teeth and smiled; the fear was delicious. A delicacy waiting to be swallowed whole by none other than Itself.

It was weak, this was a serious matter. It wouldn't be able to do any of the work itself, not yet. No, not yet. It could persuade a child to follow It into the sewers, but that would be a bit too much like Georgie Denbrough 27 years earlier, and It didn't like to repeat It's methods. It was all about innovation. So It would think of something new.

Surely there were a few no-good thugs It could trick into killing someone. Throwing down some terrified flesh for Pennywise to feast on.

"Perfect," Pennywise laughed as It closed It's eyes and tuned into the world around It. Derry was the perfect playground for It, a dinner table set with all of the fixings.

There was something wrong, however. Something a bit off about the town as It listened in, scented the air. There was something new here, something It hadn't anticipated.

A new entity made its way through the streets, It's streets. Derry *did* belong to It, after all. Didn't this newcomer know this?

A balloon materialized before It and It latched onto the string, letting the balloon raise It out of the sewers, taking It where It needed to be.

Suddenly It found itself hidden in a painting in the house of a single mother and her young child. The woman was terrified, she was practically dripping with it, and Pennywise could feel It's stomach twisting with hunger.

Who had scared her so much? The child was scared as well. Perhaps, if It could have a taste.

"I threw this out, Seth! Why did you bring it back inside?" The Mother screamed at the boy, who cowered from her anger. Pennywise held back a laugh.

"I-I swear mama!" The boy, Seth, his voice no louder than a

whimper, cried out. Trying to ease his mother's anger, "It was the Babadook!"

This name, Babadook, it sounded familiar to Pennywise, but It didn't know where It had heard this name before.

"Stop! Stop saying that! You're scaring me, Seth! The Babadook isn't real! He can't pick a book out of the garbage and place it inside!" The Mother was kneeling in front of her son, practically in tears. In her hands she held a red book.

"I swear it wasn't me!" Seth began to cry and Pennywise sniffed deeply. The smell was intoxicating.

"What are you saying!" She opened the book, it was a picture book, a pop-up book. Pennywise was impressed. The woman flipped through the pages as she fell back onto her bottom. Her eyes were wide, her terror was intense, Pennywise was entertained. All the hard work had been done for It.

"How-" She cried out, the last page said something about the Babadook coming to kill them after they heard three knocks.

Suddenly, there were three loud knocks on the door, both Mother and son cried out.

"Babadook-dook-dook!" The thing on the other side of the door wailed and the Mother grabbed her son and ran out of the room, leaving the book behind. Pennywise phased out of the picture on the wall and waited for the monster, but it never came.

"That's disappointing," Pennywise said, sighing as It left the house, trying to look for this Babadook on the street.

It could hear footsteps on the dark, wet pavement. The streetlights began to turn off one by one, Pennywise suddenly realized there was a presence right behind It.

"You can't scare me, you know?" Pennywise turned, but there was nothing there, "Nice one. Good method. But really, I'm not afraid of you."

“I know what you’re afraid of.” A deep voice seems to say. It was said in whispers, all around It. Pennywise suppressed a smile. It was very impressed.

“What’s that?”

“Seven children, a silver dollar, a bird book, sneezing powder... all the delights of childhood, the power to beat you lies within the heart of these children. And a turtle.” The Babadook wasn’t exactly wrong, but Pennywise didn’t have time to play the one up game. The fact of the matter was that It was much stronger than this new monster.

“You can’t beat me.”

“I don’t want to,” Said the Babadook, who suddenly appeared before Pennywise, who had to hold in It’s laugh. This creature looked ridiculous. A large smile plastered on his face, a top had, dreadlocks. He looked like a bad drawing from a children’s book.

Well, It supposed that he was.

“Well, what do you want?”

“To help you.”

“To help me?” Pennywise was surprised, perhaps even *touched*, “With what?”

“That Mother and her son, you can have them. You’re weak, you must feed.” The Babadook tilted his head at Pennywise, who mimicked the action, It smiled.

“You’ve scared them very well. They’re very well done, my fine feathered friend.” Pennywise turned back to the house. The mother had been peeking through the blinds, but she surely couldn’t see either of them. They were cloaked.

“Ripe for the picking.”

“What do you want in return?” Pennywise asked, It wasn’t accustomed to having help, and It really didn’t want to admit that It kind of liked having help. It didn’t normally get a meal out of adults,

they were too logical, practical. Their imaginations were usually dead.

“You.”

“Sorry?” Pennywise took a step back as the Babadook advanced. It wasn’t scared, just confused. It thought it had made a new monster Friend, and here he was, already trying to kill It.

Then the strangest thing happened, the Babadook took It’s hand.

“We team up, take this town by storm.” The Babadook was smiling, and Pennywise realized this boogeyman probably always smiled, that’s just how his face looked, but It couldn’t help smiling in return. It’s bottom lip jutted out as It spread It’s mouth in a grin.

“This is the beginning of a beautiful friendship, Mr. Babadook. Please, call me Pennywise, Pennywise the Dancing Clown is my full name, strangers call me Bob Gray. But you, you’re special. I can tell.” It winked and shook the clawed hand that was already in It’s own.

“You had problems with the children, 27 years ago.”

“Yes, you mentioned them before. How do you know about those brats?” Pennywise could feel It’s eyes rolling practically into the back of It’s head.

“Everyone know, the Turtle has a big mouth.”

“Damn turtle,” Pennywise scoffed, “Thinks he’s better than me because he vomited up this good for nothing world.”

“Those kids will return as adults, I can help you.”

“I won’t need help with them, they will revert back to their child-like state the moment they remember me.” Pennywise laughed to itself and the Babadook stared in awe, after a silent moment, Pennywise began to feel slightly uncomfortable under the scrutiny of the monster’s gaze, “Why are you looking at me like that? Stop it.”

“I cannot help but be in awe of an amazing, trail blazing creature like you. You’ve set the bar, the precedent with which the rest of the

terrorizing world follows." Pennywise could feel pride swelling at these sentiments.

"Well, thank you." If a blush found It's way onto the clowns cheeks, the Babadook didn't mention it.

"You're much different than I had expected." The Babadook tilted it's massive head in confusion, and again Pennywise found itself following the motion, It's own head tilting, eyes focusing.

"What did you expect?"

"I expected you to be rather unfriendly."

"The fact of the matter is, my dear Mr. Babadook, that in order to lure children to their untimely deaths, one must be approachable and charming." It smiled an evil thing and laughed something that sounded more like a grunt, "However, you don't want to catch me on a bad day. And if I don't eat soon, you'll see why you never want to catch me when I'm hungry."

"You're hangry?" The Babadook asked, Pennywise became more confused.

"Excuse me?"

"Hangry, hungry and angry."

"Why don't you just say those two words, why combine them?"

"It's all the rage with children these days, it's called *portmanteau,*" The Babadook sounded bored as he stressed every syllable, "Combining two words to form a compound word."

"Lazy is what it's called," there was something nostalgic in the clown's tone, "What ever happened to elegant speech?"

"You're in for a rude awakening Pennywise. It's been 27 years, everything is different. Kids aren't as scared as they used to be thanks to the internet."

"Give me a few days, I'll make them afraid again." Pennywise began

to advance forward, back into the house as It's stomach growled something fierce. It could feel the Babadooks eyes on It's back as It went

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

The clown stopped and turned, staring at this large dark boogeyman with an odd mixture of confusion and excitement. The growling of the stomach stopped and instead flipped in anticipation of *something*. What it was, Pennywise didn't quite understand.

"Come again?"

"I think you're incredible. Inspiring. Beautiful."

"Thank you?"

"I'll follow you to the ends of the earth."

"Oh you will?" Pennywise laughed and shook It's head.

"I'll help you take down the turtle. We can rule this world together. Turn it into a sea of fear and ruin."

Pennywise could picture it, the two of them reigning over a burning world filled with terrified people ripe for the picking. Soon Pennywise was outstretching a gloved hand, waiting for the dark crestore to work his fingers between It's own.

He did that and Pennywise pulled him near.

"I think I do believe in whatever it was you called it. I'm going to keep you around for a while."

"Hungry?" The Babadook smiled down at Pennywise, who decided that It didn't need to make It's form taller, It could handle having a large terrifying partner looming over It.

"Starved." Pennywise smiled, it was wide enough to match the Babadook's and they strolled back into the house. The screams that followed were drowned out only by their combined laughter.

Author's Note:

That’s it, that’s the end. No more.

God please no more.